

# Walking in the Underground

Pat Benatar

Cold sweat, sweat it out  
In the land of the midnight sun  
Walk it off, sort it out, figure out  
What you're running from

I'm all alone on the outside of town  
It's a wild night at the carnival of souls  
They're strong armed in neon and out of control  
It's late at night and no one's around

Walking in the underground

Night calls and the sound marks  
The start of the masquerade  
Sirens flash, stains the glass  
As you pass in the street parade

Loose change losers are double parked  
Faces marked like cards at the bottom of the deck  
Readin' the future, no one expects  
They don't look up as they shuffle down

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Nobody's children, more lost than found  
Play in the shadows like beautiful dolls  
Backbit in moonlight, steppin' on stars  
A silent dance to an empty sound

Walking in the underground  
Walking in the underground  
Ooh, walking in the underground

Yeah, walkin', ooh, ooh, ooh  
Walk on, ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah